Pendulum.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

BLAIR, GLYNN, &c.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Poetical Works of Blair and Glynn being insufficient to form a volume, the Editor has ventured to deviate from the regular plan of this Edition of the BRITISH POETS *by subjoining a* selection *from the voluminous Works of Boyse, the acknowledged excellence of whose* DEITY *will scarcely require any apology for its introduction: still less will apology be required for Bishop Porteus's Poem on* DEATH, *which bears such close analogy to the general contents of the volume. This latter insertion, however, it is believed, will form the only instance of introducing the production of any* living *Author.*

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THE

GRAVE.

BY

ROBERT BLAIR.

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THE

GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living. JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
The' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,

Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper
By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms.
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy ailes,
Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.

Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coëval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.)
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes 'spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,

Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek:
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy, meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart

Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll?
Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd, musing Melancholy,
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.

Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
Oh, cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard the' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements,
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close-wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which

You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud *lineage!* now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man.
Honour! that meddlesome officious ill
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd to think to overreach the grave;
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame,
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
These bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, the' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by the' injuries of Heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight:
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing time: her cankering hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, give up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood;
The' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn
That haunts and dogs them, like an injur'd ghost
Implacable.—Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery;
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common feelings with his lord;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty!—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,

The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at the glass?
To' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair-one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swol'n heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village-ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease, than e'er thou did'st the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to the' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,

Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his last.—See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
To vaunt of nerves of thine? what means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But, ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here, the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers by.
Great man of language!—whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts

In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along:
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
  Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their julaps and catholicons,
Resign to fate.—Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand;—from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.
  Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,

Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clamorous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds:
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!

That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.
If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear death:—then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being, when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel;
Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure, he does well,
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able—But if there's an *hereafter;*
(And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man;)
Then must it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame,

That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heaven!—Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait the' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret!
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.

I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
To knock and give the' alarum.—But what means
This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village-swain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaint-ance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or chubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not,

That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends.
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on,
With a resistless unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight-thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?
What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live, must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet,
The shivering Icelander, and sunburn'd Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,

Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill:—Death scorns to treat;
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
(Time out of mind the favourite seats of love)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant:—Here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters:
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here,
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart
Whose every-day was made of melody,

Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued
shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's
hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern
winds
Just ready to expire—scarce importun'd,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slippery state of things.—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!—To-day most happy,

And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire:—not long he enjoy'd
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round.—At once he lost
His glory, and his GOD.—If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped:—the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.

Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions!—But for thee
Sorrow had never been —All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops.—The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than those! Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin,
Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine.—See, how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round! [heels,
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her

Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.
But, hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind.—O great man-eater!
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of Epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.
But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too.—They are not thine,
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers, into life,
Day-light, and liberty.——
Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal

The mines, that lay forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge.—We know
The' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power
Thou could'st not hold:—self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to Heav'n.—Methinks I see him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold;
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in!
Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.——It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be;
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no bye-road
To bliss.—Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun?—Fools that we are!

We wish to be, where sweets unwithering bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From the' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome Death!
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change;
Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—Death disarm'd,
Loses its fellness quite.—All thanks to Him
Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast coming harvest.—Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,

Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!—the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more,
Nor shall it hope in vain:—the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate:—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more: nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: and what he can, he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake:
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all the impatience of a man
That's new-come home, and, having long been absent,

With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

A POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LEARNED AND EMINENT

MR. WILLIAM LAW,

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

In silence to suppress my griefs I've tried,
And keep within its banks the swelling tide;
But all in vain: unbidden numbers flow;
Spite of myself, my sorrows vocal grow,
This be my plea.—Nor thou, dear shade, refuse
The well-meant tribute of the willing Muse,
Who trembles at the greatness of its theme,
And fain would say what suits so high a name.
Which, from the crowded journal of thy fame,
Which of thy many titles shall I name?
For, like a gallant prince, that wins a crown,
By undisputed right before his own,
Variety thou hast: our only care
Is what to single out, and what forbear.
Though scrupulously just, yet not severe;
Though cautious, open; courteous, yet sincere;
Though reverend, yet not magisterial;
Though intimate with few, yet lov'd by all;
Though deeply read, yet absolutely free
From all the stiffnesses of pedantry:

Though circumspectly good, yet never sour;
Pleasant with innocence, and never more.
Religion worn by thee, attractive show'd,
And with its own unborrow'd beauty glow'd:
Unlike the bigot, from whose watery eyes
Ne'er sunshine broke, nor smile was seen to rise;
Whose sickly goodness lives upon grimace,
And pleads a merit from a blubber'd face.
Thou kept thy raiment for the needy poor,
And taught the fatherless to know thy door;
From griping hunger set the needy free;
That they were needy was enough to thee.
Thy fame to please, whilst others restless be,
Fame laid her shyness by, and courted thee;
And though thou bade the flattering thing give o'er,
Yet, in return, she only woo'd thee more.
How sweet thy accents; and how mild thy look!
What smiling mirth was heard in all thou spoke!
Manhood and grizzled age were fond of thee,
And youth itself sought thy society.
The ag'd thou taught, descended to the young,
Clear'd up the' irresolute, confirm'd the strong;
To the perplex'd thy friendly counsel lent,
And gently lifted up the diffident;
Sigh'd with the sorrowful, and bore a part
In all the anguish of a bleeding heart:
Reclaim'd the headstrong, and with sacred skill,
Committed hallow'd rapes upon the will;
Sooth'd our affections, and, with their delight,
To gain our actions, brib'd our appetite.
Now who shall, with a greatness like thy own,
Thy pulpit dignify, and grace thy gown;

Who with pathetic energy like thine,
The head enlighten, and the heart refine!
Learn'd were thy lectures, noble the design,
The language Roman, and the action fine;
The heads well rang'd, the inferences clear,
And strong and solid thy deductions were;
Thou mark'd the bound'ries out 'twixt right and wrong,
And show'd the land-marks as thou went along.
Plain were thy reasonings, or, if perplext,
Thy life was the best comment on thy text;
For, if in darker points we were deceiv'd,
'Twas only but observing how thou liv'd.
Bewilder'd in the greatness of thy fame,
What shall the Muse, what next in order name?
Which of thy social qualities commend?
Whether of husband, father, or of friend!
A husband soft, beneficent, and kind,
As ever virgin wish'd, or wife could find;
A father indefatigably true
To both a father's trust and tutor's too.
A friend affectionate and staunch to those
Thou wisely singled out; for few thou chose;
Few, did I say? that word we must recal,
A friend, a willing friend thou wast to all.
Those properties were thine, nor could we know
Which rose the uppermost, so all was thou.
So have I seen the many-colour'd mead,
Brush'd by the vernal breeze, its fragrance shed:
Though various sweets the various field exhal'd,
Yet could we not determine which prevail'd,
Nor this part rose, that honeysuckle, call,
But a rich bloomy aggregate of all.

And, thou, the once glad partner of his bed,
But now by sorrow's weeds distinguished,
Whose busy memory thy grief supplies,
And calls up all thy husband to thine eyes,
Thou must not be forgot. How alter'd now!
How thick thy tears! How fast thy sorrows flow!
The well-known voice that cheer'd thee heretofore,
These soothing accents, thou must hear no more.
Untold be all the tender sighs thou drew,
When on thy cheek he fetch'd a long adieu!
Untold be all thy faithful agonies,
At the last anguish of his closing eyes:
For thou, and only such as thou, can tell
The killing anguish of a last farewell!

This earth, yon sun, and these blue-tinctur'd skies,
Through which it rolls, must have their obsequies;
Pluck'd from their orbits, shall the planets fall,
And smoke and conflagration cover all:
What then is man? The creature of a day.—
By moments spent, and minutes borne away,
Time, like a raging torrent, hurries on;
Scarce can we say it is, but that 'tis gone.

Whether, fair shade! with social spirits, tell,
(Whose properties thou once describ'd so well)
Familiar now thou hearest them relate
The rites and methods of their happy state;
Or if, with forms more fleet, thou roams abroad,
And views the great magnificence of God,
Points out the courses of the orbs on high,
And counts the silver wonders of the sky;
Or if with glowing seraphim, thou greets
Heaven's King, and shoutest through the golden
streets,

That crowds of white-rob'd choristers display,
Marching in triumph through the pearly way?
Now art thou rais'd beyond this world of cares,
This weary wilderness, this vale of tears;
Forgetting all thy toils and labours past,
No gloom of sorrow stains thy peaceful breast.
Now midst seraphic splendors shalt thou dwell,
And be what only these pure forms can tell.
How cloudless now, and cheerful is the day!
What joys, what raptures, in thy bosom play!
How bright the sunshine, and how pure the air!
There is no difficulty of breathing there.
With willing steps, a pilgrim at thy shrine,
To dew it with my tears the task be mine;
In lonely dirge, to murmur o'er thy urn,
And with new-gather'd flowers thy turf adorn:
Nor shall thy image from my bosom part,
No force shall rip thee from this bleeding heart;
Oft shall I think on all I've left in thee,
Nor shall oblivion blot thy memory:
But grateful love its energy express
(The father's gone) now to the fatherless.

ODE,

TRANSLATED FROM

THE LATIN OF FLORENTIUS VOLUSENUS [1], SCOTUS, IN HIS DIALOGUE 'DE ANIMI TRANQUILLITATE.'

Why do I, O most gracious God!
So heavily complain?
And at thy providence most just,
Why do I thus repine?

Since by reflecting I perceive,
And certainly do know,
That I, my wretched self alone,
Am cause of all my woe.

Who wittingly do strive in vain,
From darkness light to bring;
And life and solid joys expect
Under Death's awful reign.

As bitter wormwood never doth
Delicious honey yield,
Nor can the cheerful grape be reap'd
From thistles in the field;

[1] Florentius Volusenus was Florence Wilson, a scholar whose attainments have been commemorated by Buchanan and Sadolet. See Irwin's Scotish Poets.

So who, in this uncertain life,
  Deceitful joys pursue,
They fruits do seek upon such trees
  On which it never grew.

That fading beauty men admire,
  Of person, and of face;
That splendor of rich ornament,
  Which stately buildings grace;

That train of noble ancestors,
  Which gives illustrious birth,
Wealth luxury: then add to these
  All the delights on earth:

Yea, whatsoever object doth
  Invite our wandering sight,
And whatsoe'er our touch doth feel
  With pleasure and delight,

They all, like despicable dust
  And atoms, fly away;
And are mere dreams of the short night,
  Which we have here to stay.

That which is past is nothing sure,
  And what of joy to come
Impatiently we want; when got,
  Is quickly past and gone:

And when 'tis past, like other things,
  It nothing will be thought;
Should then that dream which nothing is,
  So anxiously be sought!

Go now, go fool, to catch the wind!
Prepare thy nets to bind;
Which thing no man but he that's mad
Did ever yet pretend.

See if thou canst thy shadow grasp,
Which no man yet could find;
It flies the more the more that thou
To follow art inclin'd.

That which will leave thee 'gainst thy will
Thou freely shouldst forsake;
And wisely choose these better things
Which none from thee can take.

What comfort can that mortal have
Who earth's whole wealth ingrost,
If, after this short span of life,
His soul's for ever lost?

With how much wiser conduct he
His course of life doth steer,
Who by his pious endeavours
Of doing good whilst here;

And by an holy, humble life,
When he shall hence remove,
Secures a passage for himself
Into the heavens above.

Meanwhile, wouldst thou a small taste have
Of real happiness?
And whilst thou on this earth doth dwell,
Some pleasant days possess?

Lay down all fears and anxious cares;
To things within thy power
Confine thy wish; and make thy will
Strict reason's laws endure.

If thou affection do transgress
The bounds by reason plac'd,
In noise and trouble thou shalt live,
Both wretched and disgrac'd.

If thou wouldst perfect peace enjoy,
Thy heart see thou apply
To know Christ, and him crucified;
This is the only way.

How happy is that man, who doth
This blessed peace attain!
He all the joys on earth, besides,
Will know to be but vain.

He doth not set his heart on wealth,
The care of worldly men,
But strives to do that which is good,
And heaven's reward to gain.

He flies the fond delights which we
So ardently affect;
Shuns them as crosses, and as things
Which contemplations check.

What we for greatest blessings take,
He wholly doth disdain:
And counts all things but loss and dung,
That Christ's love he might gain.

What other men do grievous think,
He calmly can endure ;
He knows none truly can rejoice,
Whose right in Christ's not sure.

He on the cross of Christ alone
His wondering thoughts employs,
Where in his death he hidden sees
Life and eternal joys.

Thus he can honey from the rocks,
And oil draw from hard stones ;
A gift to few, and seldom given,
By Heaven, amongst men's sons.

'Tis he alone long life deserves,
And his years sweetly pass,
Who holds that treasure in his breast,
Whose worth doth all surpass.

What can he want of outward things,
Who hath this pearl of price,
Which we should buy at any rate,
And all things else despise?

Woe's me ! how much do other men
In seas of trouble live,
Whose ruin oft and endless cares,
Ev'n things they wish do give !

'Tis he alone in earnest can
Wish for his dying day ;
All mankind's terrors, yea, with tears
Expostulate its stay.

O! would to God my soul just now
Were rais'd to such a frame,
As freely to part hence, which soon
Must be, though I reclaim.

This present flies, another life
Is swiftly hasting on,
The way that leads to which, is through
The cross of Christ alone.

How canst thou, without grief and tears,
Think on these impious wounds,
Which thou didst cause, through which to thee
Salvation free rebounds?

Thou, who shun'st all fatigue, and gives
Thyself to soft delight,
With what assurance canst thou crave
What is the labourer's right?

If a strict life thou canst not reach,
At least let him not see
Thee much unlike himself, with whom
Thou wouldst partaker be.

That which resembles most the sun
We truly may call bright;
And what is most like to the snow,
Will whitest be to sight.

These things are sweet which in their taste
With honey may compare,
And these are swift which can contend
With the light flying air;

So, sure, the more thou art like Christ,
More perfect thou'rt indeed;
For, of all true perfection, he
Both pattern is, and head.

Who are persuaded of this truth,
When sore affliction grieve,
This comfort have, that, ev'n in this,
They more like Christ do live.

Men of this stamp are very scarce,
Whose virtue doth them bear
Above the vulgar; for what's great,
Difficult is, and rare.

But we to mind salvation's work
Will never be advis'd;
And that all things are vanity,
Till death hath us surpris'd:

Then to reflect we first begin,
And our past lives abhor,
And all these empty joys which we
So much admir'd before.

Then under terrors we would fly
To Christ, the only rock
Of life; whom in prosperity
We never did invoke.

The fear which can no merit have
Drives us to' implore his grace;
So great his mercy, that in vain
We ne'er shall seek his face.

But yet we ought, without delay,
Examine our estate;
And saving interest get in Christ,
Far better soon than late.

If any other way we seek
Our passions to oppose,
Or get tranquillity of mind,
We time and labour lose.

BIBLIOTECA NAZIONALE "VITTORIO EMANUELE III" - NAPOLI

GLYNN.

When Virtue long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice,
shall sink appall'd:

Dr. Johnson.

Drawn by A.W. Devis.

Engraved by Anth.y Cardon.

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THE

DAY OF REDEMPTION.

EDWARD GLENN, M.D.

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THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY

RICHARD GLYNN, M.D.

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Thy justice, heavenly King! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Rang'd unreprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
I sing adventrous.—But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits
First-born of Heaven, to judge assembled worlds,
Cloth'd in celestial radiance! Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs; and in concert loud,
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me, enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy-lands; to swim the streams
That through her vallies weave their mazy way;

Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
My feeble voice, to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, though late; that reasoning Pride may own
Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heaven.
Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where Wickedness shall weep? Why paynim bards
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
The' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why, in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends;
Or joy, on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain,
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners; while the goodman sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear:
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes
Neglected and forlorn: disease, and cold,
And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.
Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him the' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine;
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heaven: of Heaven he never names the name;
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.
See'st thou this, righteous Father? See'st thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah! no; the day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly
Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce the' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in Heaven on man's revolt
Convok'd the' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
The' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.
Then shall the' assembled nations of the earth
From every quarter at the judgment-seat
Unite: Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise
Whom distant ages to each others sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
Some great progenitor, while at his side
Stands his descendant through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the GOD of All shall see;
And judge with equal love. What though the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound
turf
Long lay neglected?—All at once shall rise;
But not to equal glory: for, alas!
With howlings dire and execrations loud

Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these
Behold the mighty murderers of mankind;
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tottering pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse
The madness of ambition; how lament
Their dear-bought laurels; when the widow'd wife
And childless mother at the judgment-seat
Plead trumpet-tongued against them!—Here are they
Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain
Slighted a brother's sufferings. Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dower,
And ate the orphan's bread:—who spent their stores
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold,
Prostrate and pale, ador'd the useless heap.—
Here too, who stain'd the chaste connubial bed;—
Who mix'd the poisonous bowl; or broke the ties
Of hospitable friendship:—And the wretch
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd to the presence of his God
Rush'd in, with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth; and, though oppress'd
With all that pain or famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment! Seek not to know
What punishment! For that the' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man,
With curious search refin'd, presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father? No: let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,

And walk in all thy paths: so shall his meed
Be great in Heaven, so haply shall he 'scape
The' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.
  But who are they, who, bound in tenfold chains,
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
And in the place of Heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them, in vain,
Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb. Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer, he, whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst the' impenetrable walls of Heaven
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The arch-apostate: he with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking
souls:
In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.
  These on the left are rang'd: but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barbarous climes
Diffus'd the gospel's light; some, long immur'd
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they
Whom Heaven elected to that glorious strife!—
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence

Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future race
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence,
Fostering fair genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual offerings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
Here is that favourite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call:
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale; and shook
The galling shackle from the prisoner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-ey'd heaven-descended Charity.—
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poet's bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! How shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid; and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself did'st ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er did'st thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream:
While like some blasted trunk the righteous fall,
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more,
And this Great Day is come; thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid,

Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of Heaven
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulf
And dark abyss where Sin and Satan reign!
  But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on,
Thwarting the' ecliptic where the' unconscious earth
Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dread volcanos, where engendering lie
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion. Where are now the works
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now
The' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and pillars?—Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?—
Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers?—Where
  Thebes
Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion?—Where imperial Rome
Propt by seven hills stood like a scepter'd queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
Show me the rampart, which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch, to repel

The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's towers he bent the' unerring bow.
  But what is mimic Art? Ev'n Nature's works,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meandering streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriffe, cloud-piercing height,
O'er-hang the' Atlantic surge: nor that fam'd cliff
Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Œgean. Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black-sea to the Ocean-stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters? All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: Heaven itself,
That azure vault with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost.—
No more shall planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the Moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd Stars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their
names
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from Heaven thy mystic bow.
  Such is that awful, that tremendous Day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief

Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through Night's dark gloom. Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the faltering strain. O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!
——————————' Power supreme!
O everlasting King! To Thee I kneel,
To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
Melt all ye elements! And thou, high Heaven,
Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll! But think, O Lord!
Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
Think on thine own bright image! Think on Him,
Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
And, midst the wreck of worlds, remember man!'

DEITY.

BY

SAMUEL BOYSE.

DEITY.

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.
HOR.

From Earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lovers raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!
Recal, fond bard, thy long-enchanted sight
Deluded with the visionary light!
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shall thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came;
Till Heav'n and Nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or whence
The various forms the universe compose? [arose
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of Night!
Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
Adores a pow'r beyond the reach of thought.
First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of Heav'n! acknowleg'd life of Earth;
Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous whole,
This wide expanded all from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to thee,
Or fix the era of eternity?
Should we, deceiv'd by Error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That nothing rais'd this beauteous all below;
When from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!
If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!

Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
'Abstract in essence from material ties.'
An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!
From this great spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendent orb of vital light;
Whence all-created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies;
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which Heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of the' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear,
(Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.
In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:
Assur'd on his eternity depend,
'Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!'
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

UNITY.

Thus recognis'd, the spring of life and thought!
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!
Approach, celestial Muse, the' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore the' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!
Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creature sprung to hail his wide command;
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!
Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Aramanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!
In diff'rent individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,
The links dissever, or the chain renew!
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,

While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
Would view the never-ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!
While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies;
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd world.
Two independent causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous through the flow'ry lawn;
So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep!
Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
Thou sov'reign, sole nnutterable name!
As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
Transported with the ardours of thy praise,
The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
To them responsive, let creation sing,
Thee, indivisible eternal King!

SPIRITUALITY.

O SAY, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of earth;
By what bright images shall be defin'd
The mystic nature of the' eternal Mind!
Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore!

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe;
Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs
From all the gross allay that tempers ours;
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high.
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith! he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought!
Are truths inscrib'd by wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!

Reason confess'd, (howe'er we may dispute)
Fix'd bonndary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is ether, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from Him, supreme of causes, flow,
To him their pow'rs and their existence owe:
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Through spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce through infinitude in quest of God!

Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
So its bright orb the' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand, a greater rise,
Produce a master, and resign his skies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th' Eternal Name;
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose
From whom the power he thus abuses flows.
Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires,
The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires:
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought's express'd;
Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below!

OMNIPRESENCE.

THROUGH th' unmeasurable tracks of space
Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!
See where, by place uncircumscrib'd as time,
He reigns extended; and he shines sublime!
Shouldst thou above the Heav'n of Heav'ns ascend,
Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
The radiant Morning's lucid pinions bear!

There should his brighter presence shine confest,
There his almighty arm thy course arrest!
Could'st thou the thickest veil of Night assume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!
Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight,
Darkness itself would kindle into light:
Not the black mansions of the silent grave,
Nor darker hell, from his perception save;
What pow'r, alas! thy footsteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipresent day!

In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:
Systems enclos'd in his perception roll,
Whose all-informing mind directs the whole:
Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know;
Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
On earth his footstool fix'd, in Heav'n his seat;
Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his shining images below,
In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood:
Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!

Should man his great immensity deny,
Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too:
His knowledge, power, his goodness all confin'd,
And lost th' idea of a ruling mind!
Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense
Of a defective partial providence!
Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;

Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye :
And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh !
An absent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or punish, than an absent friend ;
Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow,
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear ;
Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail !
The moral world a second chaos lie,
And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye !
Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its slender texture takes ;
While in his book the various parts enroll'd,
Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.
Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul !
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives!
Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed!
But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
Asserts its author, and restores the scene!
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
' And vindicates the ways of God to man.'
Then, sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
From Heav'n descended, as by Heav'n inspir'd ;
His all-enlight'ning omnipresence own,
When first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence
known ;

His wide omniscience, justly, grateful, sing,
Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
And bless th' Eternal, all-informing Soul,
Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the whole.

IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confess'd Immutability!
Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force—is imperfection still.
But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
Power self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns!
If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
That God his fix'd stability should lose;
How startles reason at a thought so strange!
What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were the yet stranger alteration wrought;
Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?
Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?
Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,
Never decreases, never overflows!
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The blaze of incommunicable day!
Below, through different forms does matter range,
And life subsists from elemental change;
Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
Inconstant as the shadows we survey!

With them, along Time's rapid current pass,
And haste to mingle with the parent mass;
But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!
No change shall darken thy exalted name;
From everlasting ages still the same!
If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
Desponding faith would droop its cheerless wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing!
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Pow'r immutable as just?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If Truth unerring gave not the design?
Where, as in Nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.
Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam,
That guides our reason through the dubious gleam;
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—all his ways are right!
Then, when astonish'd Nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd Time shall know his latest date;
When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire!
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway!
Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

OMNIPOTENCE.

FAR hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue:
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of Heav'n, whose offspring still are light;
Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest!
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
And sing that Pow'r who peopled boundless space!
  Thou present were, when forth th' Almighty rode,
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God!
Thou saw, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,
When Nothing from his word existence knew!
His word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
While conscious light was kindled at the sound!
Creation fair surpris'd the angelic eyes,
And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise!
  Him, sole Almighty, Nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfest:
Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!
  What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine,
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole?
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll!

What hand but thine supply the solar light!
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe?
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage?
  Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy unity, for He were thou!
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou every where art present to the eye.
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!
  Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the planetary way!
The Sun that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar satellite that glows!
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold Earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the' flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And say, are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!

Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet or the painted skies!
Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insect in the crowded grass;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee!
Ev'n the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!
Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might
Through wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine.
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
How languid Nature would astonish'd stand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before!
See in corruption, all-surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate;
Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wondrous process to descry;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views!
The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays!
Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb!
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for the' bus'ness of the grave!
Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he springs,
Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings!

With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod!
Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe!
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land!
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot!
When Earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last,
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way?
Obedient ocean to their march divide
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
While through the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!
Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!
Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea!
Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
When through Arabia's sands their way they took;
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread:
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!

What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!
On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;
When shrunk the Earth from thy approaching face,
And the rock trembled to its rooted base:
Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh, shame to thought!—thy sacred throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

WISDOM.

O THOU, who, when the' Almighty form'd this all,
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;
And as his hand completed each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine!
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongues shall make thy charms celestial known?
What hand, fair goddess! paint thee but thy own?
What though in nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,
Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result's divine!

Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!
See how, associate, round their central sun
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the sun her monthly light renews,
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the silvan scene;
Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd,
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to the' enormous whale;
From the strong eagle stooping through the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!
And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same:
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man!

Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The beautifier, or the beautified?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
His works our love and our attention steal;
His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil;
Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.
O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!
All-condescending, to my feeble heart
One beam of thy celestial light impart;
I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r;
O grant me wisdom—and I ask no more!

PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays;
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends;
So Providence the friendly height supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprise;
Here Goodness, Power, and Widom, all unite,
And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight!

Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:
Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews:
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face;
When lightnings through the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave;
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail;
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam;
O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.
When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were seen,
The dove pacific brought the olive green.

On Ararat the happy patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The Earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
The promise of a safer world below.
When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd;
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.
From thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—'The things hav
been!'
'But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature fee
The ague-fits her face so oft reveals?
Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'
breast?
Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest
Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?'
Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?'
Go, sceptic mole! demand the' eternal cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws?

The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?
  Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the laws of fate.
To ask why prosperous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow powerful, and disgrace a throne?
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd, the delegate of hell?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good,
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame;
As we direct to God, what should belong,
Or say that sovereign wisdom governs wrong.
  Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and the usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career,
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;
Or when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up.
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare:
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!
  But fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,

When to the view of all created eyes,
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant, all her acts be shown,
And blushing doubt, eternal wisdom own!
  Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,
Through life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

GOODNESS.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censors fill:
Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;

Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice the' angelic lyre!
Or ye, fair natives of the heavenly plain,
Who once were mortal,—now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads and amaranthine bow'rs.
Oh, lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh, deign my glowing bosom to inspire;
And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!
  Though all thy attributes divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh, let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays;
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.
  This led, Creator mild! thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When, pleas'd, thy eye thy matchless works review'd,
And Goodness placid, spoke that all was good!
  Nor only does in Heav'n thy Goodness shine,
Delighted Nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital Sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.
  See smiling Nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.

The generous lion, and the brinded boar,
As nightly through the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive with constant course the' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good;
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint, thou smil'st, and they revive!

On Virtue's acre, as on Rapine's stores,
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs!
'Life's common blessings all her children share,'
Tread the same earth, and breathe a general air!
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And Goodness, like the Sun, enlightens all!

Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these through every tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of Mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the eyes!
Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity spares—his clemency reclaims!
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!

But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine,
Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlehem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
Hear the glad message to the shepherds given,
'Good will on earth to man, and peace in Heav'n!'
Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!

Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan,
Thou salutary source of life to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful Justice claim'd her righteous pay!
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexampled love!)
View him descend the heav'nly throne above:
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd, and innocent, though poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!
Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side;
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While Nature trembles at his parting groan!

Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou canst, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain!
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!

Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel to a son!
O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
(Where from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
Fair Son of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that clould the mental skies!
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Oh, great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
O'er Earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews;
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,
Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

RECTITUDE.

Hence distant far, ye sons of Earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain:
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!

But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze,
Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing
The spotless justice of the' Almighty King!
As only Rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose;
So these the dictates which the' Eternal Mind
To reasonable beings has assign'd;
These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the hand of Heav'n attest!
When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;
Demands that strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on the offender's head!
But Doubt demands—'Why man dispos'd this way?
Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray?
If Heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,
Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than he.'
No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
What toil, what prize had Virtue been assign'd?
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish when she finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were tied from ill!
O wondrous scheme, to mend the' almighty plan,
By sinking all the dignity of man!
Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happiness and choice allied;
See Virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;

See Vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unbless'd:
And, say, were yet no further marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is Heav'n unkind?
'Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permissive fall,
The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them all.'
From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed!
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth;
Had Nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from the' eternal throne.
Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales.
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.
'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!

Oh then, while penitence can Fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heav'nly Patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!
But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt:
Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night:
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!
Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow!
And drive you to the realms of night below!
But Doubt resumes—'If Justice has decreed
The punishment proportion'd to the deed;
Eternal misery seems too severe,
Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
Too harsh! that endless torments should repay
The crimes of life—the errors of a day!'
In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high;
In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;

Warn'd by his threat'nings to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends;
Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line,
Strikes biass'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!
  But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient Nature yields the present means;
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction, at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.
  Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life!
  And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd:
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching Heav'n,

With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you into light;
So let your piety reflective shine,
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

GLORY.

But oh, adventrous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
The' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe, or words express!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours,
Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray!
  See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant East!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!
Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey confounded and outdone
By the superior lustre of the sun;
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From thee, the glorious Author of his frame!

Transcendent Power! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the Heav'ns, or beautify the earth;
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.
Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of Nature! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise the' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound!
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews!
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale!
His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!

Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!
While by his works the' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!
Great Lord of life! from whom this humble frame
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey!
Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful rev'rence still withheld her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

DEATH.

BY

BEILBY PORTEUS, D.D.

DEATH.

FRIEND to the wretch, whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a general pause!
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear,
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death!—Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew' and cypress' shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place,
And frightfulness of form, his parent, Sin,
With fatal industry and cruel care,
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,

And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store; around him rang'd
In terrible array, and strange diversity
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him, diseases thick,
A motley train; fever with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing gout,
And ever-gnawing rheum; convulsion wild;
Swoln dropsy; panting asthma; apoplex
Full-gorg'd.—There too the pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heaven's command, Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.
  Ill-fated man, for whom such various forms
Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, man? Why wake the' unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of being!—Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion given him absolute
O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ill
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,

The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a living man:
The man of death was made by man himself.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of death, no check to his desires,
Save one command. That one command, (which stood
'Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,)
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity
He broke.—There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbar'd the gates of hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook through all her frame,
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's cheerful face to low'r, then vapours chok'd
The troubled air, and form'd a vale of clouds
To hide the willing sun. The earth, convuls'd
With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars; and insect, bird, and beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
The' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, the' offended Lord of man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)

The countenance of God, and through the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
The' offender's sinking soul. Hope, sent from Heaven,
Uprais'd his drooping head, and show'd afar
A happier scene of things; the promis'd seed
Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest,
Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit but the gate of life.
Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the earth
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil,
As to a punishment; (yet ev'n in wrath
So merciful is Heaven!) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against disease and Death.—Death, though denounc'd,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run

His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength,
He stem'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round saw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.
Such in the infancy of time was man;
So calm was life, so impotent was death.
O, had he but preserv'd those few remains,
Those shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primeval, still had he liv'd
Great ev'n in ruin, though fallen yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas man himself
Brought Death into the world, and man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.
First Envy, eldest born of hell, embru'd
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhor'd, with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough,
By subtle Fraud, to snatch a single life,

Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men!
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love;
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to roar;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength,
and youth,
Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war?—Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury; war its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands: in the' embattled plain,
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,

So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in the' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and fancy steers his course;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth, beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden his tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe, midst Indian wilds,
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemperance, and disease.
Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of pleasure, by the' Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers.—Hold, rash man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair.
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,

Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And ere thou plung'st into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
Thy future mansion—Why, that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops the' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him,
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back,
With insolent disdain, his choicest gift?
Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away
By penitential tears, and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
The' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her course; but Nature's GOD,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life.—O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;
Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm,
And on the miscreant pours destruction down!
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size

Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
The astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws round
Unutterable horror and dismay.
All Nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown creation, or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their graves, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore.—At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop: no friend, no refuge near;
All, all is false and treacherous around,
All they that touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.
But, ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail
These tottering feet?—Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave: not ev'n a widow left

To wail her sons: the house that should protect,
Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious Heaven,
O snatch me from destruction! if this globe,
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray:
If my own mother-earth from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to Thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these!—At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes
In all their hideous forms then starting up
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead,
Let cheerful memory from her purest cells

Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly thou,
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die:
Disdain not thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain.—Forgive the tear
That feeble nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heaven,
Bursts from the thraldom of encumbering clay,
And on the wing of ecstasy upborn,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life!

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